Gunner Depew

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.
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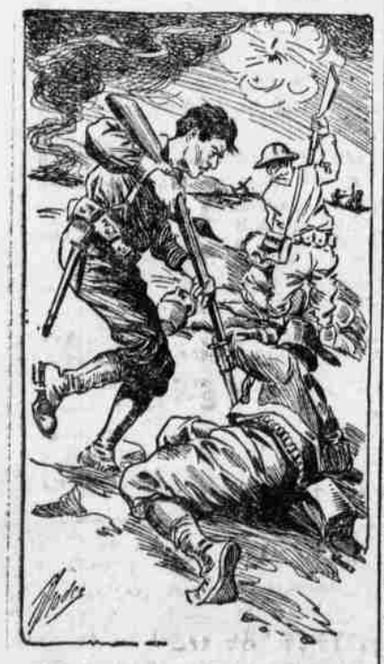
No one man can see all of an attack, which may extend over miles of ground, but during the three weeks I was in the trenches on the Gallipoli peninsula we made four grand attacks and many minor ones, so I know in a general way what they are like. Each wave is organized like the others. First come three lines of what you might call grenadiers, though they are not picked for size as the old king's grenadiers used to be. They are deployed in skirmish formation, which means that every man is three yards from the next. They were armed only with grenades, but, you can take it from me, that is enough! Behind them come two lines, also in skirmish formation, and armed with machine guns and grenade rifles. The first men on the left carry machine guns, then come three rifle grenadiers, and then another machine gun and so on down the length of the line. After these come two lines of riflemen with fixed bayonets.

Then come the trench cleaners, or moppers-up, as we call them. They were some gang, believe me. Imagine a team of rugby players spread out in two lines—only with hundreds of men on the team instead of eleven, and each man a husky, capable of handling a baby grand piano single-handed. These fellows were armed with everything you could think of, and a whole lot more that you could not dream about in a nightmare. It used to remind me of a trial I saw in New York once, where the police had raided a yeggmen's flop and had all their weapons in the courtroom as exhibits.

The moppers-up were heeled with sticks, clubs, shillelahs, black-jacks, two-handed cleavers, axes, trench knives, poniards, up-to-date tomahawks, brass knuckles, slung shots—anything that was ever invented for crashing a man with. I guess, except firearms. These knock-down, drag-out artists follow the riflemen very closely. Their job was to take care of all the Turks who could not escape and would not surrender.

There are lots of men in any army who will not surrender, but I think probably there were more Turks of that gameness than men in most other armies. I have heard that it is a part of their religion that a man, if he dies fighting, goes to a very specially fancy heaven, with plenty to eat and smoke. And I suppose if he surrenders they believe he will be put in the black gang, stoking for eternity down below. It was awfully hot at the Dardanelles and I guess the Turks did not want it any hotter, for very few of them ever surrendered, and the trench cleaners had a lot to do. Their job is really important, for it is dangerous to have groups of the enemy alive and kicking around in their trenches after you have passed. Almost every prisoner we took was wounded.

The one thing I do not like to have people ask me is, "How does it feel to kill a man?" and I think the other boys feel the same way about it. It is not a thing you like to talk about or think about either. But this time, at "V" beach, when we got past the first and second Turk trenches and were at work on the third, I do not mind saying that I was glad whenever



Then I Would Stick Another One.

I slipped my bayonet into a Turk and more glad when I saw another one coming. I guess I saw red all right. Each time I thought, "Maybe you are the one who did poor old Murray." And I could see Murray as he looked when they took him down from the storehouse wall. Then I would stick another one.

The others from the Cassard were red-hot, too, and they went at the Turks in great style. There was nothing to complain about in the way they fought, but I wished that we had had a few more boys from the Foreign Legion with us. I think we would have gone clear on through to Constantinople.

But the Turks were not as bad as Fritz. They were just as good or better as fighters, and a whole lot whiter. Often, when we were frying in the trenches and not a drop of water was to be had, something would land on the ground near us and there would be a water bottle, full. Sometimes they almost bombarded us with bottles. Then, too, they would not fire on the Red Cross, as the Germans do; they would hold their fire many times when we were out picking up our wounded. Several times they dragged our wounded as close as they could to the barbed wire that we might find them easier.

After Murray died I got to thinking a lot more than I used to, and though I did not have any hunch exactly, still I felt as though I might get it, too, which was something I had never thought much about before. I used to think about my grandmother, too, when I had time, and about Brown. I used to wonder what Brown was doing and wish we were together. But I could remember my grandmother smiling, and that helped some. I guess I was lonely, to tell the truth. I did not know the other garbies very well, and the only one left that I was really very friendly with got his soon afterward, though not as bad as Murray. And then there was no one that I was really chummy with. That would not have bothered me at all before Murray died.

The other lad I spoke of as having been chummy with was Phillippe Pierre. He was about eighteen and came from Bordeaux. He was a very cheerful fellow and he and Murray and I used to be together a lot. He felt almost as bad about Murray as I did, and you could see that it changed him a great deal, too. But he was still cheerful most of the time.

CHAPTER XIII.

Limeys, Anzacs and Poilus.

One night, while we were expecting an attack, the word was passed down the line to have the wire cutters ready and to use bayonets only for the first part of the attack, for we were to try and take the first enemy trench by surprise. The first trench was only about eighty yards away. Our big guns opened up and at zero we climbed out and followed the curtain of fire too closely, it seemed to me.

But the barrage stopped too soon, as it does sometimes, and there were plenty of Turks left. We were half way across when they saw us, and they began banging away at us very hard. They pounded at us as we came on until we were given the order to retire, almost as we were on them—what was left of us.

As we turned and started back the Turks rushed out to counter-attack us, the first of them busy with bombs. Then I tripped over something and rolled around a while and then saw it was Phillippe Pierre. His left leg was dangling, cloth and flesh and all shot away and the leg hanging to the rest of him by a shred. Two or three of our men who were on their way back to our trenches tripped over me as I tried to get up, and then a shell exploded near by and I thought I had got it sure, but it was only the rocks thrown up by the explosion.

Finally I was able to stand up. So I slung my rifle over one shoulder and got Phillippe Pierre up on the other, with his body from the waist up hanging over my back, so that I could hold his wounded leg on, and started back. There was only one or two of our men left between the trenches. Our machine guns were at it hard and the Turks were firing and bombing at full speed.

I had not gone more than two or three paces when I came across another of our men, wounded in several places and groaning away at a great rate. Phillippe Pierre was not saying a word, but the other chap did enough for the two of them. One wounded man was all I could manage, with my rifle and pack, over the rough ground and the barbed wire I had to go through. So I told this fellow, whose name I cannot remember—I never did know him very well—that I would come back for him, and went on. I almost fell several times, but managed to get through safely and rolled over our parapet with Phillippe Pierre. They started the lad back in a stretcher right away. When I saw him again he gave me a little box as a souvenir, but I have lost it.

The Turks had not got very far with their counter-attack, because we were able to get our barrage going in time to check them. But they were still out in front of their trenches when I started back after the other garby. I was not exactly afraid as I crawled along searching for the other man, but I was very thirsty and nervous for fear our barrage would begin again or the machine guns cut loose. After what seemed a long time I came upon a wounded man, but he was not the one I was after. I thought about "a bird in the hand," etc., and was just starting to pick this chap up when a shell burst almost on us and knocked me two or three feet away. It is a wonder it did not kill both of us, but neither of us was hurt. I thought the fire would get heavier then, so I dragged the other chap into one of two holes made by the shell. Some pieces of the shell had stuck into the dirt in the hole and they were still hot. Also, there was a sort of gas there that hung around for several minutes, but it was not very bad.

The man began talking to me, and he said it was an honor to lie on the field of battle with a leg shot off and dead men piled all about you, and some not dead but groaning. He told me I would soon be able to hear the groaning, though I had not said I minded it, or anything about it. Then he said again what an honor it was, and asked if I had a drink for him. I had not had any water all day, and I told him so, but he kept on asking for it all the same. Some of the Turkish bombers must have sneaked up pretty close to our lines, for when I looked out of the hole toward our lines, and a shell burst near them, I could see a Turk coming toward us. We played dead then, but I had my bayonet ready for him in case he had seen us and decided to come up to the hole. Evidently he had not, for when he got near the hole he steered to the side and went around.

The other garby was cheerful when he was not asking for water, but you could see he was going fast. So we sat there in the hole and he died. Shortly afterward the fire slackened a little and I got out and started toward our lines. But I remembered about the other wounded man I had passed when I was carrying Phillippe Pierre, so I began hunting for him, and after a long time I found him. He was still alive. His chest was all smashed in and he was badly cut up around the neck and shoulders. I picked him up and started back, but ran into some barbed wire and had to go around. I was pretty tired by this time and awfully thirsty, and I thought if I did not rest a little bit I could never make it. I was so tired and nervous that I did not care much whether I did get back or not, and the wounded garby was groaning all the time.

So when I thought the shells were coming pretty thick again I got into a shell hole and it was the same one I had left not long before. The dead garby was there just as I had left him.

The wounded one was bleeding all over, and my clothes were just soaked with blood from the three men, but most of all from him. There was some of my own blood on me, too, for when I was knocked down by the shell my nose bled and kept bleeding for a long time, but, of course, that was nothing compared to the bleeding of the others.

The worst of all was that he kept groaning for water, and it made me thirstier than I had been, even. But there was not a drop of water anywhere and I knew there was no use searching any bodies for flasks. So we just had to stick it out. Pretty soon the wounded man quit groaning and was quiet, and I knew he was going to die too. It made me mad to think that I had not been of any use in carrying these two men around, but if I had gone on with either of them it would have been just the same—they would have died and probably I would have got it, too. When I figured it out this way I quit worrying about it, only I wished the fire would let up.

So the other man died, and there were two of them in the hole. I read the numbers on their identification disks when shells burst near enough so that I could see them, and after a while got back to our lines and rolled in. I could not remember the numbers or the names by that time, but a working party got them, along with others, so it was all right.

My clothes were a mess, as I have said, and I was so tired I thought I could sleep for a week, but I could not stand it in my clothes any longer. It was absolutely against regulations, but I took off all my clothes—the blood had soaked into the skin—and wrapped myself in nothing but air and went right to sleep. I did not sleep very well, but woke up every once in a while and thought I was in the hole again.

During the night they brought up water, but I was asleep and did not know it. They did not wake me, but two men saved by share, though usually in a case like that it was everybody for himself and let the last man go dry. You could not blame them, either, so I thought it was pretty decent of these two to save my share for me. I believe they must have had a hard time keeping the others off of it, to say nothing of themselves, for there really was not more than enough for one good drink all around. It tasted better than anything I have ever drunk. Go dry for 24 hours in the hottest weather you can find, do a night's work like that, and come to in the morning with a tin cup full of muddy water being handed to you, and you will know what I mean.

At Gaba Tepe there were steep little hills with quarries in between them, and most of the prisoners we took were caught in the quarries. We found lots of dead Turks under piles of rock, where our guns had battered the walls of the quarries down on them.

We were fighting about this part of the country one time when we saw three motor trucks disappear over the side of a hill going across country. The detachment from the Cassard was sent over on the run and we came upon the Turks from those trucks and several others just after they had got out and were starting ahead on foot. We captured that whole bunch—I do not know how many in all. They were reinforcements on their way to a part of their line that we were battering very hard, and by capturing them we helped the Anzacs a great deal, for they were able to get through for a big gain.

We held that position, though they rained shells on us so hard all that day and night that we thought they were placing a barrage for a raid, and stood to arms until almost noon the next day. But our guns gave back shell for shell, and pounded the Turkish trenches and broke shrapnel over them until they had all they could do to stay in them.

Finally, our guns placed shell after shell on the enemy's communication trenches, and they could neither bring

I Picked Him Up and Started Back.

up reinforcements nor retire. So we went over and cleaned them out and took the trench. But then our guns had to stop because we were in range, and the Turks brought up reinforcements from other parts of the line and we were driven back after holding their trench all afternoon. It was about fifty-fifty, though, for when they reinforced one part of the line some of our troops would break through in another part.

That night there was a terrible rainstorm. I guess it was really a cloudburst. We had all the water we wanted then, and more, too. A great many men and mules were drowned, both of our troops and the Turkish. Trenches were washed in and most of the works ruined. There were several Turkish bodies washed into our trench, and two mules came over together, though whether they were Turkish or French or British I do not know.

A few days after the rain stopped I was going along the road to the docks at "V" beach when I saw some examples of the freakishness of shells. There was a long string of mules going back to the trenches with water and supplies of various kinds. We drew up to one side to let them pass. Two or three mules away from us was an old-timer with only one ear, and that very gray, loaded to the gunwales with bags of water. He had had his troubles, that old boy, but they were just about over, for there was a flash and the next instant you could not see a thing left of Old Missouri. He just vanished. But two of the water bags were not even touched, and another one had only a little hole in it. There they lay on the ground, just as though you had taken the mule out from under them. The mules next him, fore and aft, were knocked down by the concussion but unharmed; but the third mule behind had one ear cut to shreds, and the man behind him was badly shot up and stunned.

A little farther on a shell had struck the road and plowed a furrow two or three feet wide, and just as straight as an arrow for three of four yards; it then turned off at almost a right angle and continued for a yard or two more before it burst and made a big hole. That Turk gunner must have put a lot of English on that shell when he fired it. He got somebody's number with that shot, too, and the lad paid pretty high, for there was blood around the hole, not quite dry when we got to it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Building of Life.

Life is a building. It rises slowly day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building.—J. R. Miller.

Daily Thought.

To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history.—Sir Thomas Browne.

There is satisfaction in the thought of having done what we know to be right.

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

"THE NATION DRY NEXT JULY."

With prohibition for the period of the war and thereafter until the termination of demobilization, and prohibition by federal amendment in effect early in 1920 (as seems sure), it may be said that John Barleycorn will be, after July 1st, 1919, forever banished from these United States. So far from wishing him onto other and less favored lands, the temperance hosts are already engaged in a world-wide offensive which will make him an outcast from every corner of the earth—the "man without a country"—no abiding place on sea or land.

As for that particular unit of the temperance army, the National W. C. T. U., its occupation will not be gone after it has reached the goal of national constitutional prohibition. This point is clearly set forth in an official letter sent by Miss Anna A. Gordon, president, to every state W. C. T. U. We quote:

"Some of our friends not close students of the temperance reform, are short sighted enough to say that with the securing of nation-wide prohibition through ratification of the federal amendment, the work of the W. C. T. U. will be accomplished and our activities should be directed into other channels. On the contrary, we believe we may rightly claim that our greatest constructive work will then begin. Our educational propaganda under the new conditions of nation-wide prohibition will become even more necessary than in the past. All our educational lines of work that concern young people and boys and girls should at once receive our whole-hearted, vigorous attention. The children of today must hold the prohibitory law tomorrow. The appetite for alcoholic liquors and the avarice of the would-be liquor dealer will not become extinct when this nation-wide law becomes operative. Locally we shall continue to be in offensive and defensive struggles with the direst foe of the child and the home; our best efforts will be needed to help establish substitutes for the saloon and to aid in the election of officials committed to the new law and to its strict enforcement. Our program of social service after the prohibition law goes into effect will have new and vital features and we should be alert in our preparedness. With added time and funds at our command, our fascinating and compelling lines of service among foreign-speaking people; on behalf of moral education; child welfare; the welfare of women in industry; the education of women voters; anti-narcotics, anti-vice and many other important departments, can be pushed with new zeal and helpfulness. True to its character as a pioneer the W. C. T. U. will forge ahead in the social service activities of the new dry nation and in its mighty national and international program."

LIQUID LOGIC.

The American soldiers are learning from their French and British comrades to love wine and beer in France, without which no civilized soldier can and will fight, much less gain victories. And "when Johnny comes marching home" he'll sound the death knell to parson-made American prohibition.—Brewers' Journal.

The liquor journals would have the people believe that success of American arms in France is due to booze! These boys were trained in cantonments in the United States surrounded by dry zones, were prohibited from buying or receiving as a gift, intoxicating liquors. Total abstainers, everyone of them, and after they arrived in France strong liquor was denied them and even the use of light wines and beer discouraged by declaration of their commander in chief. And yet the booze journals of America, by some strange process of reasoning, figure it out that it is booze that inspired them to victory over the beer-drinking Hun. Great is the logic of booze makers and booze apologists.—American Issue.

NO RUM RATION

In his new book on "The Warfare of Today," Lieutenant Colonel Azan, of the French army, testifies: "I am not in favor of the practice of distributing alcohol before going to the attack. I have never given it out to my men, and I have never regretted this policy; they have always done better without it. I suppose that a certain number of soldiers, affected by alcohol, without being actually drunk, lose their sense of danger; they then expose their lives uselessly in a way they would not do had they all their wits about them. Probably it is just to remove this anxiety that they ask for alcohol. In my opinion alcohol is not needed for troops with a finely tempered morale."

SALOON BUILDINGS TO BECOME APARTMENTS

New York brewers owning saloon properties are reported by the New York Journal to be preparing to turn them into small tenements. It is said the plan is looked upon by the government and city officials as very practicable and patriotic.

"An unthinkable thing has happened," says the Texas Advance. "Prohibition has nearly ruined our rescue mission in Houston. Since the saloons went out there is nobody to rescue."

They Don't Feel Friendly.

"The idea of those Germans seems to be to kill as many advancing Americans as they can and then shout 'Kamerad.'"

"Does the plan work?"

"Not always. After one or two experiences of that sort is it any wonder that the Americans seem to be afflicted with incurable deafness?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Night Photographs From Airplane.

An Italian invention which permits photographs being taken at night has been submitted to the signal corps of the United States army. According to the men who control the new device, it will soon be possible to take excellent pictures of enemy positions from airplanes flying at a low height on moonlight nights. It is also claimed that the invention can be fitted to motion-picture cameras, which would permit the photographing for the screen of much of the fighting in the air, the greater part of which takes place in the early morning hours. Up to the present time the chief obstacles met by the daylight aerial photographers is that the anti-aircraft guns force the flyers to take pictures from a great height and much of the detail of the enemy lines is therefore lost. It is held that flyers are in little danger from artillery when flying at night.—Aviation.

Easy to Manage.

"It must be a sad disappointment when a woman marries a man thinking him brilliant and discovers that he is stupid."

"That depends a great deal on her temperament," replied Mr. Dubwaite, thoughtfully. "A stupid man is usually docile, you know."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

It costs a merchant lots of money not to advertise.

Britain normally imports 650 tons of ivory yearly.